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THE "MAN IN THE MOON" IS DYING!

The Old Fellow Who Has Been the Source of Countless Songs, Stories and Superstitions for Ages Will Soon Have Passed Away--The Ugly Crab Is Eating Him!

In many parts of Europe. Among the American Indians worship of the Man in the Moon was widely spread; and this worship will probably exist, despite the actual changes of this latter day, until the last Indian is dead.

By the Aztecs the Man in the Moon was defined under the name of Metztli, and they had a pyramid of the man, as well as a pyramid of the Sun at Cuicaco was a chapel consecrated to the moon, the deity held next in reverence to the sun, and regarded as the forefather of the Incas. These strange spots on the moon, that have given rise to so many legends, first had their true character revealed when Galileo, in 1610, aimed his telescope at the satellite. The spots turned out to be mountains, hills and plains. "It is just like the earth," he declared.

Thus it is seen how the passing of the Man in the Moon is of world-wide moment, how it will affect religion, astronomy, art and sentiment in every land. But that is not all! There is a Woman in the Moon--naturally. And she is following her husband into death, as is her duty. The same changes that are killing the Man in the Moon are killing his wife. The Woman in the Moon has also been a popular subject of myth making. In truth, it would seem that her profile is almost as famous as the full features of the man. Until recently the Woman could be seen plainly at any time between the first quarter and the full moon. When the Man showed his face she modestly kept in the background. The face, which was bright, was turned eastward. The outlines of forehead, nose, mouth and chin are formed by the "Sea of Showers" and the "Sea of Clouds"; the eye is indicated by one of the small, dark, oval plains near the centre of the disk, while the "Sea of Serenity," "Tranquility," "Fertility" and "Nectar" constitute the hair on the top and back of the head. The great crater ring Tycho blazes like a jewel on her bosom.

The Ugly Crab will soon have eaten them both!



The Traditional "Man in the Moon." The Big, Good-Natured Face Which Is Fast Disappearing, and Soon Will Be Gone Forever.

OUR old friend the Man in the Moon, who has endured for countless ages, is dying. Professor J. B. Hale, who fills the chair of astronomy in King's College, London, is authority for the statement that a great change is taking place on our satellite's surface so that it will not be long before the familiar face that has figured in story, song, poetry and superstition ever since man became conscious there was a moon, will soon pass away from human sight forever.

What is the Man in the Moon dying of? Old age--or, scientifically speaking, chemical disintegration of the mountains and hollows that form his face. Science tells us that the big smiling face we see when the moon is full is made up of shadows cast by the great craters and enormous hollows called the seas of the moon. The right eye of the Man in the Moon is formed by the Sea of Tranquility; the left eye by the Sea of Showers; the nose by the Sea of Clouds, and the mouth by the Sea of Humors. The crater and sea walls are crumbling, and so the shadows are changing--and so the old Man in the Moon is passing away.

His death will be a distinct loss to sentiment, tradition, literature and commerce the world over. No single cosmic phenomenon has ever figured so much in man's more playful thought or his superstitions than the Man in the Moon. What will take his place? The answer is easy--the Crab! As the old Man dies the Crab will become steadily stronger, absorbing his fading life! But what emotional influence can future lovers, sentimentalists, poets and songwriters get from the Crab in the Moon?

When one begins to consider only a part of the vast mass of jingles and rhymes, legends of stories, songs and superstitions upon the Man in the Moon in every known tongue in every part of the earth how cataclysmal is his loss can be seen readily.

"The Man in the Moon will come down and get you if you're not good," mothers have told their children in every tongue for countless ages. It will mean nothing to the children of the future.

"Moon face" has its equivalent in every language.

In China from time immemorial the Man in the Moon has been believed to govern marriages and to tie together with an invisible silken cord the young men and maidens whom he designs to unite in matrimony. The Rev. Timothy Harley, one of the leaders in the English Royal Astronomical Society, says of the Chinese beliefs in his Moon Lore: "This must be the man of the honey moon, and we shall not meet his superior in any part of the world."

In Teutonic legend, the Man in the Moon carrying a bundle of sticks on his back represents a Sabbath breaker who met a divine being while cutting wood on a sacred day. When remonstrated with he laughed, and said that Sunday and Monday were all the same to him. "Then stand in the moon for a perpetual Monday!" (Moonday), was the sentence instantly pronounced.

Dante says that the Man in the Moon is Cain, banished there forever for his great sin. Some of our Indian tribes had a legend that the Man in the Moon was a hunter, condemned to the sky for some transgression; and a British Columbian clan of red skins, visited by Mr. William Duncan, told him a story of a child that cried out in the night for water, but was neglected by its mother, whereupon the Moon suddenly appeared at the door of the lodge with a pot of water which the child eagerly seized. Then the Moon carried the child up into the sky, where its face can still be seen.

The New Zealand savages affirm that the Man in the Moon is one who, going out in the night, stumbled and sprained his ankle, whereupon he cried for help and lamented so loudly that at last the Moon came down and took hold of him. In his terror the man seized a bush, but the Moon pulled it up by the roots and sailed back into the sky with both man and bush. And there you can still see his face, sometimes crying because he cannot get back and sometimes laughing because his wife can't get to him.

Mother Goose will feel the Man in the Moon's death keenly. Who of our many readers that will not mourn now that the subject of this rhyme is disappearing?

"The Man in the Moon came tumbling down"

As asked the way to Norwich; He went by the South and burned his mouth

While eating cold pease porridge." Then there is the old familiar barnyard picture of the laughing moon in the rhyme:

"Hi diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,"

"The cow jumped over the Moon"

How the Man in the Moon Looks Now. Note the Twisted Face and Mouth Askew.



"The Man in the Moon Came tumbling down And asked the way to Norwich. He went by the south, And burned his mouth While eating cold pease porridge."--MOTHER GOOSE

Eliminate the many variegated pictures of the Man in the Moon from the old Mother Goose book and the loss of a great number of the old favorites is noticeable indeed.

Consider the thousands of popular songs that have been written under the theme of the Man in the Moon. To think that future song writers, if they would be at all accurate, must omit mentioning the romantic Man in the Moon is to be lamented.

Four years ago Andrew Mack introduced his song hit, "Go way, Mistah Moon," in "The Prince of Bohemia," with this chorus, which is still being sung by many:

"Oh, Mr. Moon, up in the sky, Won't you tell me de reason why, tell why, You shine so bright when she and I Would rather you would hide your head and Let the clouds roll by!"



"Hi diddle, diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle, The Cow jumped over the Moon." MOTHER GOOSE.



The Top, from an Old Print, Represents "Cain in the Moon." In the Centre--"The Donkey in the Moon." At Bottom--"The Crab in the Moon." Which Is Getting Stronger as the Old Man Dies.

How to Make Money from Your Troublesome Weeds

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg A. B., M. A., M. D., Johns Hopkins.

"WHAT is the difference between a beautiful weed and an ugly plant?" was asked the other day.

"Just the same difference that there is between any kind of useless or obstructive bit of vegetation and a profitable or useful variety," is the answer.

Why some plants are valuable and others are not, however, is an entirely separate matter, dependent more upon accidents and circumstances than upon anything else. The tomato, tobacco and the potato were all weeds some generations back. There are, on the other hand, hundreds of weeds today that may ultimately turn out to be helpful to the human race. The paper, carpets, foods, linens, oils, fibres, rubber, ropes, twine, leather and clothing of to-morrow may all be manufactured and grown from what are regarded as weeds today. The common grasses, mullets, milk weeds, thistles and clovers of your garden, if you are of an

experimental turn, may be developed into something helpful and profitable.

Indeed, a step has already been taken in this direction by Dr. Arthur Neish, of New York. Dr. Neish, who is a chemist and botanist of distinction, examined, with this end in view, a few of the many wild plants that are going to waste annually in the American garden, and became particularly interested in the common milk weeds, of which there are some eighty or ninety varieties. The abundant, milky white juice or sap that exudes from this weed, he thinks, can be turned to profitable account by careful development, so that he proceeded to perform a number of experiments that may ultimately lead on to fortune.

These milk weeds may be found along the roadside, on the sloping hills, in the city garden, upon the truck farms, in the suburbs and parks, and, in fact, wherever there is any kind of a dry, sandy, or clay soil. One species of the swamp milk weed is found in marshy, muddy, soggy soils, and is rich in vast fibres. In early June many of the milk weeds are already up and doing. While the following month sees them blossom, they go to seed in

August and September. It tastes, when just above the ground in June, much the same as tender asparagus, and may be when half a foot high cut and planted in pots. In full growth it is every whit as pretty as the house rubber plants, which it closely resembles.

It is not generally known, but the leaves of the milk weed may be gathered and cooked just as spinach is cooked. It is then served like green spinach and is said to be decidedly superior to spinach in its tang and fragrance. Not only may the leaves be used as food, but the rubber may be extracted from the stems, the fibres separated for flax or leather making, oil may be pressed from the seeds, and the woody stalk will make very good grades of paper.

Dr. Neish performed a few important experiments in order to obtain rubber from the milk weed, proved that from the milk weed a small amount of a moderate rubber may be obtained, and this was determined in quantity and quality upon the species of the milk weed as well as the soil in which it grew. Dry soils yield a milk weed much richer in rubber than do wet or marshy soils.

Most promising, however, is the fibre of this weed. These lie between the inner woody stalk and the outer bark, and the trick that remained to be discovered was a simple, cheap and quick method of separating these fibres. They extend through the entire length of the stalk, and thus are of often six feet. By a diligent arrangement experiment Dr. Neish has succeeded in easily and mechanically separating these fibres so that they may soon be available commercially, and the weed will be developed for this purpose. One stalk of this, dried thoroughly in the air, produced nearly 10 per cent of fibre. Green plants did not yield so much, and the fibres thus obtained were moist and sticky from the milk.

Plants that Dr. Neish cut green and then dried were retted exactly as flax is retted for making linens. It required on an average of nine days for enough decomposition to enable the fibres to be removed thoroughly. Many of the milk weeds which had gone to seed produced all of the fibre in one huge strand by the simplest sort of a mechanical process. This was then followed by a carding process, and thus freed from all other tissue

and then bleached. Dilute sodium hypochlorite solution bleached the fibres a beautiful white, with a pure, silky lustre, which resembles flax so closely that at least one expert was deceived. In fact he had to admit that the fibres from the milk weeds were actually stronger than flax. The woody tissue of the milk weed makes up about 80 per cent of its bulk in weight, and is excellent stock material for making paper. Dr. Neish discovered that the usual soda process of 120 pounds for four hours with 112 grams of soda per liter was over severe, so he tried the sulphite process of making pulp. The pulp could be made into paper then of good strength and appearance. It took the dye as well as any standard paper.

When all this is said and done, it must be admitted that Dr. Neish has opened up the way for a new source of income to the amateur and professional farmer. Every little garden weed will now have a new meaning all its own. Instead of being scoffed and cursed, it will be tenderly transferred to a fresh abiding place, there to be tenderly reared and turned later into something of real exchange value, such as good coin of the realm.